

The Third
BOOK
OF
Homers Iliads.

Translated by
Thomas Grantham, Professor of the
speedy way of Teaching the *Hebrew, Greek, and*
Latine Tongues, in Mermaid-Court in Gut-
ter-lane, near Cheapside, *London.*



LONDON,
Printed by *M.I.* for the Author, 1660.

The Third
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OF
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Translated by
Thomas Warton, Professor of the
History of the English Language, and
of the History of the English Literature.



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To his Noble Friend

M^r THOMAS TURNER,

Gentleman of GRAIES--INN.

Sir,



N antient times those who escaped ship-
 wrack, hung up their cloaths in the Temples
 of their Gods in signs of gratitude.

*Vestimenta ma-
 ris Des, Hor.
 Ode 7.*

Philosophers call Virtues and Vices, the
 cloathing of the mind : Achilles has it to Agamemnon ; O
 thou, that art cloathed with Impudence ! The scripture has
 it ; Josuah stood before the Lord in filthy rags, those rags
 were the vices and sins of the people, as Interpreters say :
 The cloathing and robes of righteousness are often read
 in * Scripture. And the divine Graces are not made
 onely a Cloathing, but an Armor : Put yee on the Helmet
 of salvation, the Breast-plate of righteousness ; and the shield
 of faith : there is also, a Crown of righteousness. SIR,
 whatsoever Graces, Virtues, or Ornaments are in this
 Translation, I sacrifice them all to you, who has saved
 me in a double shipwrack. St. Paul suffered thrice
 shipwrack, and I twice : First, a Sequestration from my
 Parsonage : Then there was an Ordinance, that no Seque-
 stered Minister should teach School under pain of impris-
 onment, there was both my hands tied behind me, and

*Platonici virtu-
 tes, & vicia, ve-
 stes anima
 nominabant.
 Rom. ver. 130.*

*1sa. 61. 30.
 Eph. 6. 14, 16,
 17.
 1 Tim. 4. 8.*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I was in a kind of Hell, I could not get a drop of water : *Sir*, in this extremity I received many noble courtesies from your Brother, and you, and other friends of yours; for the which the Lord grant yee mercy.

Yours

Thomas Grantham.

M. THOMAS TURNER

Gentleman of the Inner Temple

The

The Third Book of

HOMER'S ILIADS.

The Argument.

When all the Armies were set in array,
 Paris all arm'd steps out, but run away
 So soon as he did Menelaus spy:
 Then Hector said, Paris how cowardly
 And basely dost thou run! Oh scorn to yield,
 Fight for fair Helen in this pitched Field.
 Then Paris with his Armour, Sword and Lance,
 Between the Armies stoutly did advance:
 Then Menelaus did from his Chariot leap,
 And him assaured in a furious heat,
 And drew him to the Gracians all along,
 Until that Venus broke the Ox's Thong
 Which ty'd his Helmet to his Throat, and then
 He flung the Helmet to the arm'd men.
 Venus doth hide him in a Mist unknown,
 And quickly in his Chamber set him down,
 And Helen told how he was come from fight,
 Now to embrace her with a full delight.
 The King does then the fairest Helen claim,
 And all her wealth, what's soever with her came.

When both the Army was set in array,
 The Trojans ran with clamours all the way,
 Like to the Cranes, who cold and rain do fly,
 And crying to the flowing Ocean high,

Threatning the *Pigmeis* for to slay and kill,
 And in this cruel war much blood they spill.
 The *Graecians* silent all together breath,
 Unto the *Trojan Army* threatening death,
 And as the South-Wind mists do darkness fling
 On Mountains, which to Shepherds sorrows bring,
 But pleases *Thieves*, when scarce that any one
 Can see so far as men can cast a stone.
 Thus like a Whirlwind did a dust arise
 Under their feet, which darkned all their eyes:

The Armies clos'd, then *Paris* stept before,
 His Bow he held, a *Panthors* Hide he wore,
 A Sword, two brazen-headed Darts he shook,
 Provokt the proudest *Greek* with angry look,
 And stately pace: When *Menelaus* King
 Saw him triumphing such disgraces bring,
 He joy'd like to a Lion who does spy
 A Hart or Goat before the Hounds to fly,
 Then from his Chariot leap'd the armed King,
 Whom *Paris* saw and fled; So from a Spring
 When any spies a Serpent, he will run,
 And pale and wan this Serpent he will shun:
 So *Paris* (like a God in Beauty) flies,
 And fearful to the *Trojan Army* highs,
 Then *Hector* did unhappy *Paris* scorn,
 And wish'd that his fair face had been unborn,
 And told him if he never married were,
 That such a spectacle would not appear,
 The *Graecians* shout to see thy fair sweet face,
 And cowardize, our Armies to disgrace,
 Thou stol'st from *Greece* a valiant Warriors Wife,
 Which to thy Father, and to *Troy* brought strife:
 Thou couldst not *Menelaus* wrath sustain,
 For stealing of his Wife he had thee slain:
 Your Harp and *Venus* gifts, fair face and all,
 Are nothing worth when in the dirt you fall.
 The *Trojans* all are frighted and a stone
 Had been your Coat, if you had fought alone.

Then

Then *Paris* said (who was of shape Divine)
Hector I kindly take these words of thine,
 Thy heart is like an Axe that cuts an Oak,
 And he that cuts learns cunning at each stroke,
 Thou art undaunted, yet do not me upbraid
 And scorn my lovely Beauty *Venus* made;
 Honour the gifts of Gods, Who would not take
 It kindly if the Gods him fair would make
 But if you'll have me fight, then all sit down,
 For I fair *Helen* will keep as mine own,
 And fight with *Menelaus*, if he shall
 Me overcome, let him take her, and all
 Her goods to *Greece*. We vows and leagues will take,
 Never hereafter any war to make,
 Dwel ye in gleby *Troy*, wee'l take our course
 For *Argos*, where fair women are, and horses

This saying then, *Hector* did highly please,
 And rushing in the midst he made them cease
 From fighting; but the *Grecians*, sung their darts,
 And stones, and arrows, to wound *Hector's* heart.
 Then *Agamemnon* said with mighty voice,
Grecians leave off to fight and make a noise,
 Fair Helmed *Hector* unto a treaty shew;
 Then all the Army ceased from their blows,
 And *Hector* said, *Brutus* and well-dread'd *Greeks*,
Paris for whom this strife began, now seeks
 A Peace, and bids you all leave off to fight,
 For hee fair *Helen* will keep as his right,
 If hee shall *Menelaus* overcome,
 Hee'l keep her and her riches all at home.

Then all the *Greeks* turned from every where,
 And to King *Menelaus* gave an ear
 Who said, I am sorry that these griefs I see
 Of *Greeks* and *Trojans*, but hee shall be free,
 For either *Paris* or my self must dye,
 Then will the strife be ended profitably,
 Then bring two Lambs, which one make white,
 The black for earth, the white for blood bright;

And

And bring old Priam now a League to make,
For all his sons their Covenants have brake:
Let no man now the Oath of Jove prophane;
For young men are unstable and untame;
But let old Priam come, for he does know
Things past and present, that betwixt us go.

Then all the Greek and Trojans did rejoice,
In hopes of peace at Menelaus voice,
And rank'd their Horses, every Souldier found
Put off his Arms, and plac'd himself on ground;

The place betwixt the Armies was but small,
They were to fight in; then did Hector call
Two Heralds, whom he bad the Lambs to bring
For Sacrifice, and Priam their old King;
But Agamemnon ruling, sent before
Talthybius, to bring a sheep from shore;

Then Iris to white-armed Helen came,
Like to Antenor's Wife, the very same:
She was King Priam's daughter, past them all
In beauty; her they Laodice call;
She found her in her house, spinning a Web
Double, and shining, and much labour'd;

It did the Greek and Trojan War contain,
And shew'd what sorrow Martial men sustain.
Then standing by her Nymph, herselfe said she,
Now Greece and Troy in peace united be;
And every man sits leaning on his shield;
But Paris hath provoked to the field;

King Menelaus, they will end this strife
With Launces, who shall call him Helen's Wife?
Then Helen thought how happy she should be;
If she her Husband's Parents town should see;

White Veils did shadowe her with mighty grace,
And tears ran trickling down along her face;
Atira, Pithene daughter did attend,
And Clymene, whose beauty all doth commend;
They halted, and they came on their way,
Where Priam was, with all his Counsellours;

Pantheus, Thymeles, Lampus was there;
Clitus, Hecubaon, all men fear;
Nealegon, Antenor, these were known
 To all the World to be men of renown;
 The Voice they spake like Grasshoppers did ring;
 When they in Woods, chirping on trees did sing;
 But when fair *Helen* to the towers came,
 All said her Beauty far surpass her Fame;
Trojans and *Grecians*, none could think amiss,
 To suffer sorrows for so great a bliss:
 She's like the Goddesses, she's all Divine;
 Yet though in glory she the heaven out-shine,
 Let her with all her ships return again,
 Rather then we these sorrows should sustain.

When all spake thus, *Priam* did *Helen* call,
 And said, Dear Daughter, sit and name them all;
 Your Husband you may see, kindred and friends,
 Not you, but Gods these mighty sorrows send:
 Tell me what man is that so amply spread,
 And though some Greeks be higher by the head,
 Yet he the fairest of them all I see,
 So worshipful, so like a King is he.

Then *Helen* said, Oh reverend Father-in-law,
 And fear'd, Would I had dyed when I saw
 Your Son; of Bed and Brethren I am now bereft,
 My dearest Daughter, and my friends are left:
 But what's my weeping? I must answer thee,
 And tell the questions thou dost ask of me;
 That's *Agamemnon* who does rule, so far,
 He's great, and good, and valiant in all war;
 He is my Husbands Brother, wo is me,
 My unchaste lusts bring me this misery.

This said, the King did much admire his fate,
 And mighty Armies marching in such state;
 To *Phrygia* full of Vines I took my course
 One time, to see those brave men ride the horse;
Otreus and *Mydon* were Commanders then
 Against the *Amazons*, who did fight like men.

But tell the Phrigians all, they came not niter
The number of the black-ey'd Grecians here.

At second sight he did *Ulysses* see,
And said, dear daughter, pre-thee answer me;
Who's he, that's lesser by the head, but strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, breast'd as he walks along
Like to a Bell-Wether, or Ram he shews,
That walks before the wel white-sheeced Yews.

She answered, That's *Ulysses*, who is great
In counsels, and so famous for deceit.
Antenor answered, This is true Madame;
For he to *Troy* sometime a Legate came
With *Menelaus* for your sake, and these
I entertained with all things might please.

Menelaus standing did *Ulysses* pass,
But as he saw *Ulysses* braver was,
His counsels and his words were very small
When he did speak, yet pleasing unto all
But when the wife *Ulysses* up did rise
To speak, he fix'd on the earth his eyes;
And as he spake, he held his Scepter still;
There is none would think he was a man of skill,
Until he heard his words like drifts of snow
Flye all about us, yet was nought in show.

The third he ask'd was *Ajax Telamon*;
Who's that, said he, so bigg of limb and bone,
So high, that to his head there reacheth none,
To him the large-veil'd, glorious fairest Dame,
That ever from the Grecian quarters came,
She said, That's *Ajax Telamon* you see,
The Grecian Bulwark he is held to be:
Idomeneus near to him does stand,
And round about him those that bear Command;
My warlike Husband him did entertain
Within our Court, and all his glorious Train.
The other black-ey'd Greeks to mind I call,
And to you now I could relate them all:
Castor that's skill'd in horse, and *Pollux* strong,
My brethren both, I think came not along:

They

They fear to come, to fight in war for shame:
 And are disgraced at my very name.
 Or else I think they're dead. The Herald then
 Brought Lambs and Wine before the Armed men.
 Herald *Idem* brought a mighty bowl,
 And golden cups to quench each thirsty soul,
 And said, King *Priam* rise, the Princes call;
 Let's make our Covenant before them all:
Paris and *Menelam* now will fight,
 And try who to fair *Helen* shall have right:
 Let him that wins her take her wealth away;
 We Trojans all in Gleby *Troy* will stay;
 And all yee Grecians then in Greece may dwell,
 Which for fair Horse and Women does excell.

This said, old *Priam's* limbs began to shake,
 But bad his Men his Chariot ready make;
 Which he ascending, with the Reins did guide,
 Then straight *Antenor* marched to his side,
 And through the *Seean* Ports their horse did run,
 Until that they unto the Armies come,
 And lighting in the midst the King did rise,
 So did *Hilfess*, who was mighty wise.
 The Heralds then with a clear voice did speak,
 That none these faithful vows should dare to break:
 They mix the Wine which both the Armies brings,
 And pow'r water on the hands of Kings.
 Then *Agamemnon* drew the knife he put
 In his swords sheath, and with it he did cut
 The wool from both the foreheads of the Lambs,
 The Heralds then with execration dams
 That break their Vows, the hair they give to all:
 Then *Agamemnon* on the Gods did call:

Great glorious *Jove*, who *Ida* alwaies swaies,
 And thou, *O Suri*, that lights us with thy raies:
 Yee Earth and floods, and all that punish those
 In hell below, whom darkness does inclose
 Witness the perjured, keep the faithful Oath,
 Which now you see is made between them both:

If *Paris* now shall *Menelaus* kill,
Then *Paris* shall have *Helen* at his will,
And all her goods he shall in *Troy* retain,
And wee'l hoist sail, and hasten home again.

If *Menelaus* now shall *Paris* slay,
Then *Troy* both *Helen*, and her wealth shall pay:
But if that *Priam* and his Sons deny

To pay the Fine, if *Paris* now shall dye;
Then I will fight, and dearly make them pay,
For keeping back what is my due away.

Then he the throat of both the Lambs with knife
Did cut, and left them gasping for their life:

Then Wine they powred out, and Vows did make,
The Grecians and the Tojans all thus spake:

Oh mighty *Jove*, and ye immortal powers,
Who first does violate this Oath of ours,
Dash out their brains; let Bastards be their race;
But *Jove* would not their supplications grace.

Then *Priam* said, Trojans and Grecians hear,
This cruel fight my heart can no waies bear:

Whether my Son shall *Menelaus* kill
None knows, for this is as the gods do will.

He mounts the Chariot, takes the Lambs, his Horse
He reins. *Antenor* with him took his course.

Then *Hector* and *Hesper* measured out

The ground to fight, the Armies stood about,
And cast the Lots, whether of these should sing.

His Javeling, then the fields about did ring

With praying to the Gods, and all did pray

The wronged man might the Disturber slay.

Then *Hector* shook the Helm, that held the Chance,

And *Paris* first had lot to sing his Lance.

Then all the Souldiers ranked in a round

Sate with their Horses, and their Arms on ground.

Then *Paris* arm'd himself for this same strife,

Who fair hair'd *Helen* had unto his wife.

First he put on his Boots, and these made fast

With silver Buttons which would strongly last.

Then

Then he put on his breast-plate, this before
 His brother *Lycan* full oft had wore;
 Then he put on his Damask sword in field,
 And after that his strong and mighty shield;
 His Helmet with a plume of Horse's hair,
 And as he daunced all the Armies stare;
 And terribly he shewed in this advance,
 For he did shake his huge and mighty Lance.

Then *Menelaus* in an angry mood,
 With gallant Armor 'twixt the Armies stood:
 Trojans and Grecians all about did gaze,
 For both the Armies were in great amaze
 To see these men to come so stoutly in,
 And dare it out, for they came chin to chin;
 Then *Paris* first did fling his Lance in field,
 Which did reflect from *Menelaus* shield;
 Then *Menelaus* did his Spear prepare to throw,
 To fling, but first to *Jove* he made his prayer.

Oh *Jove*! this *Paris* wrong'd me most of all;
 Now grant that he under my hands may fall;
 And every Guest in after-time shall fear
 To wrong his Host, who was to him so dear.
 This said, his Lance did pierce through *Paris* shield,
 Struck in his breast-plate, made it for to yield;
 And cut the coat his bowels did contain;
 But *Paris* stoopt, or *Paris* had been slain;
 His Helmet also with his sword he strake,
 His sword in three or four pieces brake;
 Then looking up to heaven, Oh *Jove*! said he,
 There is no God so cruel unto me;
 My Sword is broke, my Lance is flung in vain,
 I durst have sworn I should have *Paris* slain.
 This said, he presently did catch his Guest
 By th' Horse-hair-plume that dangled on his crest;
 And drew him to the Grecians all along,
 Untill that *Venus* broke the Oxes thong
 Which tied his Helmet to his throat, and then
 He flung the Helmet to the Aspidomedon.

Then

Then *Menelaus* did his Lance advance, and aid no more could T
 But *Paris* was delivered from that chance, and was restored all
 Of death, for *Venus* in a mist unknown, and no more could T
 Kept him, and in his chamber set him down : and was restored all
 And *Helen* in a tower of great height, and was restored all
 Found with some Ladies there to see the fight, and was restored all
 Then like that Woman old in shape she came, and was restored all
 Who for her spinning was of mighty fame, and was restored all
 And lov'd of *Helen* ; *Helen*, come now, said she, and was restored all
 Quickly, for I must needs discourse with thee, and was restored all
Paris is now returned from the fight, and was restored all
 And in his chamber loves to take delight, and was restored all
 On his sweet beds he is, so fair, you'll say, and was restored all
 He came not from the War, but from a Play, and was restored all
 Or dance, then *Helen* did know this disguise, and was restored all
 By her white neck, her breasts, and sparkling eyes, and was restored all
 She said, Oh thou unhappy Deity, and was restored all
 Why dost thou add unto my misery ? and was restored all
 What wouldst thou lead me into *Phrygia*, and was restored all
 Or to my friends in brave *Mæonia* ? and was restored all
 Because that *Menelaus* did overcome, and was restored all
Paris, now therefore thou wouldst take me home, and was restored all
 With all decays the waies of Gods deny, and was restored all
 And with thy feet never ascend the sky : and was restored all
 Endure sorrows greater then e're came, and was restored all
 Until thou be his servant, or his dame : and was restored all
 But now I am resolv'd not to adorn, and was restored all
 His bed, for this I hold my greatest scorn, and was restored all
 Then *Helen* said ; Wretch, provoke not me, and was restored all
 My hate is more then was my love to thee : and was restored all
 Between the Greeks and Trojans I'll thee place, and was restored all
 There thou shalt perish with a great disgrace, and was restored all
 This fearful speech she durst not but obey, and was restored all
 And with her snowy veil did haste away, and was restored all
 From all the Trojan Armies, undiscer'd, and was restored all
 She scap'd away, for *Venus* was her guide : and was restored all
 They unto *Paris* house quickly did hie, and was restored all
 The Maidens all their housewiferys did plie : and was restored all

She

She mounted to a chamber was above,
 Led by the laughter loving dame of Love,
 Who set a stool just before *Paris* face
 For *Helen*, who look'd on him with disgrace.
 I wish my husband had thee slain in War,
 Although thou boast thou dost excell him far.
 Go fight with him, yet shal my counsel be
 Now to forbear, least that he conquer thee.

Then *Paris* answered *Helen*, and did speak
 These bitter words, My very heart does break.
 What if that *Menelaus* conquered me,
 The Gods hereafter may propitious be,
 And I may conquer him; Oh! I burn more
 Then when I brought thee to the *Cranaen* shore.
 Let us imbrace in Bed; Oh! my desire
 Of loving burns with a flame-raging fire:
 This said, then presently to bed he went,
 She followed, and they slept with all content.

Then *Menelaus* like a wilde beast did stare,
 To find out *Paris*, who was held so fair:
 And all the Trojans wisht that he could find
Paris, for all did hate him in their mind.

Then *Agamemnon* said, Trojans give ear,
 And Grecians too, for I shall make it clear,
 That warlike *Menelaus* won the field,
 Now *Helen* with her riches you must yield;
 And pay the Fine that's due, hereafter same
 Shal spread our Acts, the Greeks approve the same.

FINIS.